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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk. Edinburgh, 1819. 8vo. 3 vols. *Second Edition.*

THIS entertaining work, of which specimens have, from time to time, appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, gives proof of its native stamina, not only by its popularity in the North, but by its circulation in our Southern regions, and the consequent demand for a new edition. Had we not, *a priori*, felt well inclined towards it, from the pleasure it afforded us, this circumstance would have entitled it to a notice in our pages. We need not, however, go at any length into introductory remarks, since the extracts which we shall make, will readily show that Peter's Letters afford a lively and entertaining picture of Scotland, Scotsmen, and Scots manners; rather overcharged and overcoloured, it is true, but nevertheless, perhaps, more amusing than if represented with the fidelity of a camera-obscura.

The author, under the fictitious name of Peter Morris, M.D. is incognito; but it is shrewdly suspected, that one of the persons most spoken of in the publication, is the writer himself, who, to use a Scotch phrase for the blindness wrought by witchery, has adopted this mode of throwing *glamour* in the eyes of the public. We profess our inability to detect this fact; for the irony is frequently too *recherché* for extra-local apprehension; and though we presume there cannot be many men so enthusiastic in their admiration of Wordsworth, Coleridge, &c. as the pseudo Dr. Morris, yet we cannot put our finger upon the individual.

Several portraits adorn these volumes; and the title-page is fronted by one purporting to be of the author, which is curious, as being executed in a new style; invented by Mr. Lizars, a clever Edinburgh artist, and capable of being struck off by the common printing press. If this be really a new invention, we trust it is susceptible of improvement, for the specimen is very black and blotchy.

VOL. III.

We now take up the book for better examples of writing, than this portrait is of engraving in "alto relievo." One of the Letters from Edinburgh, describing the triennial dinner in commemoration of Burns, mentions the following eminently characteristic trait of Scottish filial affection, and honest independence of mind.

A gentleman who proposed one of these toasts, mentioned a little anecdote, which gave infinite delight to all present, and which will do so to you. After the last of these triennial meetings, a pension of 50l per annum was settled on Mrs. Burns, by a Scottish gentleman of large fortune, Mr. Maule of Panmure. One of the sons of the poet, however, has since that time gone out to India in a medical capacity; and being fortunate enough to obtain a situation of some little emolument, the first use he made of his success was to provide for his mother, in such a way as enabled her to decline any farther continuance of Mr. Maule's bounty—conduct, as was well said, "worthy of the wife and son of the high-souled Burns"—one who, in spite of all his faults, and all his difficulties, contrived, in the true spirit of proud independence, to *owe no man any thing* when he died.

The following account of the students of the Northern Athens, at a lecture by the University Professor of Moral Philosophy (the favourite science of the country) Dr. T— B—, is curious and pictorial.

I could not find leisure for attending the prælections of all the Edinburgh professors; but I was resolved to hear, at least, one discourse of the last-mentioned celebrated person. So I went one morning in good time, and took my place in a convenient corner of that class-room, to which the rising metaphysicians of the North resort with so much eagerness. Before the professor arrived, I amused myself with surveying the well-covered rows of benches with which the area of the large room was occupied. I thought I could distinguish the various descriptions of speculative young men come thither from the different quarters of Scotland, fresh from the first zealous study of Hume, Berkeley, and Locke, and quite sceptical whether the timber upon which they sat had any real existence, or whether there was such a thing as heat in the grate which was blazing before them. On one side might be seen, perhaps, a Pyrrhonist from Inverness-shire, deeply marked with the small-pox, and ruminating upon our not seeing double

with two eyes. The gaunt and sinewy frame of this meditative mountaineer—his hard legs set wide asunder, as if to take full advantage of their more usual integument, the philabeg—his features, bearing so many marks of the imperfect civilization and nomadic existence of his progenitors—all together could not fail to strike me as rather out of place in such a situation as this. On the other side might be remarked one, who seemed to be an embryo clergyman, waiting anxiously for some new lights, which he expected the coming lecture would throw upon the great system of Cause and Effect, and feeling rather qualmish after having read that morning Hume's Sceptical Solution of Sceptical Doubts. Nearer the professor's table was probably a crack member of some crack debating-club, with a grin of incorrigible self-complacency shining through his assumed frown of profound reflection—looking, as the French say, as grave as a pot-de-chambre—and longing, above all things, for seven o'clock in the evening, when he hoped himself to assume a conspicuous position behind a green table, with a couple of candles upon it, and fully refute the objections of his honourable and eloquent friend who spoke last. A little farther to the right might be observed a fine, healthy, well-thriven lad from Haddington-shire, but without the slightest trace of metaphysics in his countenance—one who would have thought himself much better employed in shooting crows on Leith sands, and in whom the distinction between Sensation and Volition excited nothing but chagrin and disgust.

Throughout the whole of this motley assemblage, there was a prodigious mending of pens, and folding of paper, every one, as it appeared, having arrived with the determination to carry away the *Dicta Magistri*, not in his head only, but in his note-book. Some, after having completed their preparations for the business of this day, seemed to be conning over the monuments of their yesterday's exertion, and getting as firm a grapple as possible of the last links of the chain, whereof a new series was about to be expanded before them. There was a very care-worn kind of hollowness in many of their eyes, as if they had been rather overworked in the business of staring upon stenography; and not a few of their noses were pinched and sharpened, as it were, with the habitual throes and agonies of extreme hesitation. As the hour began to strike, there arose a simultaneous clamour of coughing and spitting, and blowing of noses, as if all were prepared for listening long to the lecturer, without disturbing him or their neighbours; and such was the in-

fectiousness of their zeal, that I caught myself fidgeting upon my seat, and clearing out for action like the rest. At last, in came the professor, with a pleasant smile upon his face, arrayed in a black Geneva cloak, over a snuff-coloured coat and buff waistcoat. He mounted to his elbow-chair, and laid his papers on the desk before him, and in a moment all was still as the Tomb of the Capulets—every eye filled with earnestness, and every pen filled with ink.

The Scottish claim to pre-eminence in a less intellectual *science*, viz. dancing, is disputed by the at-all Peter. He says,

It is a great mistake under which the Scotch people lie, in supposing themselves to be excellent dancers; and yet one hears the mistake re-echoed by the most sensible, sedate, and dance-abhorring Presbyterians one meets with. If the test of good dancing were activity, there is indeed no question, the northern beaux and belles might justly claim the pre-eminence over their brethren and sisters of the south. In an Edinburgh ball-room, there appears to be the same pride of bustle, the same glorying in muscular agitation and alertness—the same "*sudor immanis*," to use the poet's phrase, which used of old to distinguish the sports of the Circus or the Campus Martius. But this is all;—the want of grace is as conspicuous in their performances, as the abundance of vigour. We desiderate the conscious tower-like poise—the easy, slow, unfatiguing glide of the fair pupils of D'Estainville. To say the truth, the ladies in Scotland dance in common pretty much like our country lasses at a harvest-home. They kick and pant as if the devil were in them; and when they are young and pretty, it is undoubtedly no disagreeable thing to be a spectator of their athletic display; but I think they are very ignorant of dancing as a science. Comparatively few of them manage their feet well, and of these few what a very insignificant portion know any thing about that equally important part of the art—the management of the arms! And then, how absurdly they thrust out their shoulder-blades! How they neglect the undulation of the back! One may compare them to fine masses of silver, the little awkward workmanship bestowed on which rather takes from than adds to the natural beauty of the materials. As for the gentlemen, they seldom display even vigour and animation, unless they be half-cut—and they never display any thing else.

It is fair, however, to mention, that in the true indigenous dances of the country, above all in the reel (the few times I have seen it), these defects seem in a great measure to vanish, so that ambition and affectation are after all at the bottom of their bad dancing in the present day, as well as of their bad writing. The quadrille, notwithstanding, begins to take with the soil, and the girls can already go through most of its manœuvres without having recourse to their fans. But their beaux continue

certainly to perform these new-fangled evolutions, in a way that would move the utmost spleen of a Parisian butcher. What big, lazy, clumsy fellows one sees lumbering cautiously, on toes that should not be called light and fantastic, but rather heavy and syllogistic. It seems that there goes a vast deal of ratiocination to decide upon the moves of their game. The automaton does not play chess with such an air of lugubrious gravity. Of a surety, Terpsichore was never before worshipped by such a solemn set of devotees.

The dandies of Edinburgh, it appears, are also far behind their London competitors; but we have not room for the very humorous argument on this subject, which occurs in the third volume, page 108 to 118. The soil of Glasgow seems to us to offer a more marked variety of character, and we prefer taking our next quotation from the learned Doctor's lucubrations on that great emporium of Scottish commerce. Walking through the Green to the Clyde, and after noticing the fine game of Golf, we are informed,

Nearer the margin of the river, which is really a very grand stream here, another wide division of the meadow seemed to be set apart for the purposes of a washing-green. It is here, upon the fine green turf, that the servant-maids of Glasgow love to spread forth their bleaching linen before the sun, wringing the sheets, and giggling and tittering at the passers-by. It is here that the corporal takes his forenoon lounge, with his Waterloo medal, and perhaps enters into some interchange of repartees with the rosy and joyful damsels; so that from less to more, he is ultimately, it may be, induced to add from among them a fifth or sixth wife, to the list of those whom he has already left weeping at Cork, at Manchester, at Hull, at Dundee, and elsewhere. In the present case, the devoted victim leans over her watering-pan, and admires his sinewy limbs, gracefully and freely exhibited beneath the scanty covering of the regimental philabeg—his spirited style of flourishing a sixpenny rattan—the knowing cock of his eye—and the readiness of his retorts—and, alas! reflects not how often, and how fatally, the same fascinations may have been practised before—

Non sola comptos arsit adulteri
Crines, et aurum vestibis illitum
Mirata, regalesque cultus.

If, perhaps, a shoemaker, or any other common mechanic, happens to pass the group, he is sure to be made the butt of their wit; and, in fact, appears but a poor sneaking devil for the time, although perhaps he treated them with curds and cream on Sunday last. Even a gentleman's servant figures to disadvantage—his showy livery cannot rival the *regales cultus*—and a lamp-lighter is execrable, and fit only to be shuddered at by these fine ladies. But, as I said before, the devoted victim thinks

only of him in scarlet; and while the deep tones of his voice sink into her ears, the river appears to flow more smoothly than it ever did before; and the fields to look fresher than ever summer could make them. She remembers the day, when the news of the glorious 18th of June arrived—the enthusiasm with which her master read aloud the newspaper at the breakfast table—the green branches that adorned the streets during the forenoon—and the charming dazzle of the windows, when she walked out to see the illumination in the evening. The remembrance of all these fine things rushes bright upon her fancy—and having once more surveyed the strapping corporal from head to foot, her fate is determined.

Those of the damsels engaged in the actual occupation of washing their linen, were also worthy of some notice on account of the peculiar way in which they go about their operations. The greater part of their work is done, not by means of the hands, but the feet, each maiden standing in her tub, and thumping below like an Italian grape-treader, her petticoats being killed considerably above the knee, and her ivory limbs frothed over half the way up, with the light foam of the ocean of suds which their extremities agitate. Some might turn away from this exposure as somewhat indelicate—but I confess I had a pleasure in seeing it—for I consider it as an interesting relic of the fearless purity of the olden times. But, indeed, I think a group of girls washing linen, in whatever way, is always a pretty spectacle, and revives pleasing ideas concerning the simple fashions of antiquity—when the daughters of kings used to think no shame of asking their father's regal leave to go out and wash their own smocks, and the shirts of the princes their brothers—representing, too, the propriety of majesty itself making a clean appearance at the council-board.

The description of a brother loungeer, encountered a little further on, in the promenade where the bare-legged washers occur, is, we think, one of the most truly national drawings in the work; and though rather too long, we select it as a concluding example of the writer's manner and powers.

I continued my stroll along the breezy banks of the river for a considerable space—but at length found myself a little fatigued, and sat down on one of the benches, which occur every now and then by the side of the walks. I had not sat long till I perceived a brother loungeer advancing towards me from the opposite direction, in a meditative attitude; and, surveying the man, I thought I could distinguish him to be one of that class of philosophical weavers, with which the west of Scotland is known to be so plentifully stocked. Nor was I mistaken. The man edged towards the bench, and soon took his place within a yard of me, with an air of infinite composure. Being seated, he cast one or two sidelong glances upon me, and then fixed

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his eyes in a very speculative stare upon the water, which rippled within a little distance of his feet—while I, on my part, continued less politely to study him with the eye of a traveller and a craniologist. He was tall and slender in his person, with a bend forward, acquired, no doubt, through the stooping demanded by his vocation—considerably in-kneed and splay-footed—but apparently strong enough and nervous in every part of his muscular frame. He was clad in a very respectable short coat of blue—a waistcoat of deep yellow ground, with thin purple and green stripes crossing each other upon it—a pair of corduroy breeches, unbuttoned at the knees—a thick pair of worsted stockings, hanging loosely about his legs—and a dark red-coloured cravat. He seemed to be a man of about fifty years of age, and when he took off his hat to cool himself, the few lank hairs which escaped from below a small striped night-cap on the top of his cranium, were evidently of the same class with those of the Ghost in Hamlet—the “sable silvered.” As to his face, its language was the perfection of self-important non-chalance. A bitter grin of settled scepticism seemed to be planted from his nostril on either side, down almost to the peak of his long unshorn chin—his eye-brows were scanty and scraggy, but drawn together in a cynical sort of knot—and altogether the personage gave one the idea of a great deal of glum shrewdness in a small way.—I should have mentioned that he had a green apron (the symbol of his trade), wrapped about his middle beneath his upper garment—and that he held a number of the Edinburgh Review, twisted hard in his left hand. “This is a hot day, friend,” said I, willing to enter a little into conversation. The fellow’s features involuntarily relaxed themselves a little on the greeting, and he answered very civilly, “Middling warm, sir—Ye’ll have been taking a walk?”—“I have,” said I, “and I am glad I came this way, for I think the town looks better from where we are than anywhere else I have been.”—“Ye’ll be only a stranger, sir?”—“Indeed, I might have kenn’d by your language ye were fra the south.” “I only came to Glasgow two days ago,” said I.—“Glasgow’s a very grand ceety noo, sir—a very grand ceety—there’s no the like o’t in Scotland hooever. I have seen Manchester in my time, but Glasgow clean dings baith it and Edinburgh, and I believe it does most places—we’ve a noble situation here, sir—a pretty river, navigable quite up to the Broomielaw, for sloops, brigs, and gab-barts, and it might be made passable quite up to Hamilton, but the folk here are keen to keep it to themselves—and it’s natural it should be sae.”—“The weather is, in general, very wet hereabouts?” said I, “you have very seldom any such stretch of dry weather as the present.”—“Very seldom, sir; and I think it may be dooted whether it is not lucky it is sae—the agriculturist, no question, is against the lang-weets, but the commercial interest is upmost here, sir; and what wad come of

the Monkland Canal, think ye, if we had not a perpetual drizzle to keep the springs running? There’s reason for a’ thing, sir—if folk could see it.”—“Is that the last number of the Review, friend?” said I, “has it just come out?”—“It is the last number, sir, but it is not just come oot—I ken not how it is, but altho’ I’ve gane every other morning to the leebrary, I’ve never been able to get a haud o’t till yestreen—and noo that I have gotten it—I think not that muckle o’t—it’s very driegh.”

“Are the weavers hereabouts discontented with the present state of things in general?” said I; “or are you singular in your opinions about political matters?”—I have heard a great deal of the men of your profession in this neighbourhood—and I see I have not been misinformed. Some years ago, several Glasgow and Paisley weavers were examined before the House of Commons, and they got great credit for the appearance they made.”—“Troth,” replied my friend, “there’s no question the maist feck o’ us are a little ill-pleased with the gate things are ganging—but as you say, sir, the operatives here are a tolerably well-informed class—we tak a philosophical view of what’s gaun on—but we have nane of your rampaging Luddite gowks hereawa. Na, na—we had a braw lesson in the ninety-three, and it will no be forgotten in a hurry—let me tell you that, sir. We have an auld Scotch saying—the *burnt bairn dreads the fire*. But, as Dauvid Hume says, honest man, there’s no resisting the general progress of opinion. The march of intellect will carry a’ before it, sir.

“I believe it is pretty weel acknowledged noo that this is the country for abeility; and yet I suppose it is no sae muckle o’ natural superiority on oor part, but just oor education that lifts us so much above our neighbours. I know what the state of the English nation is myself—I once wrought the most of two years with M’Taffie and Company, in Manchester.” “You have all the advantage,” said I, “of being taught to read and write—that is a great blessing, for which you are obliged to your Kirk.” “Ye have mentioned the greatest of oor obligations to it with which I am acquainted—it wad be weel, in my mind, if Parochial Schools were a’ the kirk establishment in Scotland.” “You are a Dissenter, I suppose?” said I.—“No, truly,” was his answer—“there would be few Seceders, if a’ body cared as little about thae things as I do. But the world will become enlightened bit by bit. Dauvid Hume has weel remarked, that there is no resisting the silent progress of opinion. What think you, sir, of the doctrine of the perfectibility of the species?” “In truth, friend,” said I, “that is a point on which I have not yet been able to come to any very determinate opinion; but I think you said you did not belong to any of the dissenting bodies here. You go to church, then, I suppose, in spite of any of your little objections to the establishment.” “Objections!—Lord bless you, sir, I have nae objections to the church; in the present state of things, I’m persuaded

the kirk is as good as any thing that could be put in its place—and I’m far from being clear that it would do to want some religious establishment for some time to come yet.—If poor Thomas Paine had been spared—but perhaps—(taking himself up)—perhaps ye may be of another way of thinking; I wish to say nothing unceevil,” added he, with a most condescending grin.—“I hope I shall always respect the prejudices of my fellow-citizens—they are not to be trifled with, however erroneous.”—“My good friend,” said I, “do not put yourself into any alarm; I assure you my feelings are in no danger. I am to suppose that you don’t make a practice of going to church. Does not that appear singular in this part of the country, and give offence to the majority?” “Troth,” said he, “to tell you the plain fact, I would not be so very heeding about the majority oot of doors—but a person of a liberal turn in my line of life, cannot always be quite sure of peace in his own house and home. The women, says Hume, were always the chief friends of every superstition, and so I find it, sir, and that in my own family. I’ve an auld mither, sir, a guid body too, in her way, that keeps me in perfect hett water. I cannot bring in Sandy Spreull, and Jamie Jamieson, and one or two more friends, to talk over a few philosophical topics on a Sabbath at e’en, —but we’re worried—clean worried—with the auld wife’s bergin about infidelity and scoffing—and sic like—why, it’s only Martinmas was a year, that when I was reading a passage from the Review, she gruppit the book fairly out of my hand, and had it at the back o’ the coal, and in a low, before ye could say Jack Robinson—but I bear with a’ that—as for the bairns, I find it absolutely necessary to allow her to tak her ain way wi’ them. Puir things, they’ll get light in time.”

We cannot find further space for the details of a Scotch country sacrament, which is ably delineated; nor shall we intermeddle with the affairs of Scotch Whig and Tory politics, nor Scotch literary cabal, which are largely discussed in these Letters, the writer of which is a rank Tory. Before closing with a few verses, on a rather rare phenomenon in the Presbyterian church, a shooting clergyman, we may briefly observe, that there is a little too much of physiognomical and craniological display in these volumes; that some of the alphabet capitals need a key for the general reader in our part of the world; and that the prominent defect of the whole, is a sort of exaggeration, which often places the pictures in that sort of dubious class, which might be designated as between a genuine study from nature and a caricature. The humour, the touches of living character, the intelligence respecting the arts and literature of Scotland, of which

there is a considerable mass, however, far more than compensate for these blemishes, and we can safely say that we do not often meet with a more agreeable production.

THE SHOOTING MINISTER.

When inclined for a shot, I am up with Aurora,

My jacket lies ready—my buskins are brief;

I speak not a word at the Manse to the snorers,

But whistle to Juno, and off like a thief.

I leave dykes and hedges, and up to the mairlands,

That stretch out so tempting, so brown, and so wide;

To me they are rich lands that others think poor lands,

As I stalk o'er the heather in freedom and pride.

I grudge not my time, nor of powder am chary,

But roam, looking sharp after Juno's white back:

'Mong the flows and the rough bits she scuds like a fairy,

But, when fix'd, she's like marble to wait for the crack:

It may shower—it may shine—or the big clouds may sever,

And drift with long shadows o'er mountain and fell,

But the muir-cocks still find that I'm their fail-me-never,

Nor will finish the day till I've tickled them well.

When I spy at a distance a smoke gently curling,

I can guess that some gudewife's small cottage is near;

She knows that the Minister brings nothing sinister,

And beckons me in to partake of her cheer.

Her cheese is most rich, and her cakes are delicious,

And a glass with clear sparkle concludes the repast;

O, long could I sit—but my wife is capricious—

And home to the Manse I must trudge away fast.

Young Arthur; a Metrical Romance.
by C. Dibdin. London, 1819. 8vo.
pp. 322.

MR. C. DIBDIN seems afraid that any poetical attempt of his should come before the public under a disadvantage, as the production of a writer generally engaged in less laboured compositions; and accustomed to snatch a temporary achievement from the topic of the day, rather than to address himself to more grave and elevated efforts. In this respect, we think that he is mistaken. The practice of writing for a minor theatre is more likely to improve, than deteriorate literary talent; and the author's name, associating as it does, the recollection of his eminently lyrical

father, and of his brother, Mr. T. Dibdin's fertile muse, assures him of a reception, the very opposite to that which he apprehends.

The romance of *Young Arthur* is nevertheless an unequal performance. The story appears to be too complicated, and the versification often insufficiently polished. The graceful dignity of romance, is too much abandoned for the familiar; and though displaying mind and fancy, we cannot consider the poem as belonging to the highest rank in the class to which it belongs. We shall, however, select such specimens from it, as will enable the public to form a just idea of its merits and defects. In the introduction, putting forward his own pretensions in a modest manner, Mr. D. thus characterises his contemporaries,

Bards we have bushels—some like torrents pour

Cat'racts of cantos, with a torrent's roar;

Others, like soft, meandering streamlets, flow,

And, smoothly rapid, on their courses go,

But where or wherefore few affect to know.

Others, like fountains gush; where sprawling forms,

Of ev'ry fancy, spout their streams, like storms

Of equinoctial rain; and flounce, and dash;

Known only by their sputtering and splash:

Others, with winding wanderings, proceed,

Through cress-stor'd ditch; or through the daisied mead;

While humming bees along their margins come,

The stream as drowsy as the bees that hum:

While little fancies on their confines play,

Cull nameless flowers to "make a garland gay."

To prank them out "in print;" while others prancing

To untun'd pipes, waltz wild, and call it dancing.

Some show in lyrics like the spreading lake;

Smooth as its face; abrupt too as its break

When sudden gusts the glassy surface mar,

And little wavelings curl in watery war.

Some bards, on some high hill, they term a mount,

Espy a spring, and this they call a fount,

And dub it Helicon; and by it sit,

Imbibing water to engender wit;

There, mounted on a rocking-horse, they ride

Forward and backward, with triumphant pride;

The toyman's lash, and pointless spur, still plying;

Then call it Pegasus, and think they're flying;

Here, as they rock, the changing clouds they view,

And hence trace forms wild *Rosa* never drew.

The poem itself treats of the uprearing and adventures of an infant left, during a stormy night, at a cottage door.

There is scarcely one species of verse in our language, which is not employed

to give variety to the narrative; and songs, laments, episodes, ballads, hymns, &c. are introduced so abundantly, as to give the whole the air of a medley, rather than of a uniform composition. Among the instructors of *Young Arthur* is a hermit, and one of his lessons, under the name of "Variation," is as follows:

A hermit he sat at the door of his cell;—

And, "list to the sound of the passing bell,"

The hermit he said to a stripling near,

"It teaches a lesson for faith and fear;

The knell shall cease, and the priest shall sing,

And, merry, the bells on the morrow shall ring:

For though life's spirit must pass to death,

Peace shall follow the passing breath;

And the bells that ring on the morrow shall say

"There's joy when sorrow hath pass'd away.

There is a spring, there is a sear;

A falling of blossom, but fruit is near;

There is a rain beats down the flower,

But there's a sunshine, after that shower—

In the sear and the shower time's emblem see,

In the fruit and the sunshine eternity.

"I chanc'd a feather to behold

Dancing upon the breath of air;

And it seem'd as of human life it told

Toss'd by caprice, and crosses, and care;

And it seem'd the emblem of thoughtless ease,

Buoy'd on the unsubstantial breeze;

And it seem'd the moral of martyr'd mind,

Driven at will by misfortune's wind;

And I mus'd thereon till I saw it fall;

And this, said I, whether sorrow or joy

The heart may harrow, or bosom may buoy,

This, said I, is the end of all!

"There's a heart that dies, and then falls the tear

There's an heartless dies, and then smiles appear;

There's a death when mock sorrows their sable show;

And a death that goes by, and none care to know.

"When man's breast for his kindred no sympathy wakes

What matters to man when that life-threatening breaks!

When death bids the title a step descend

Herald and hatchment the tomb attend;

Then moves the long cavalcade snail and slow—

O! this is a wailing devoid of woe.

"When the manor and mine pass off with the breath,

From the hand that grasp'd till unclas'd by death;

The suit it is sable, for custom's grace;

But the merry smile plays on the mourner's face.

"There's a heart that dies, and then falls the tear;

And the fame of that heart to the soul is dear;

And the soul of that heart it shall lightly rise,

Wafted to Heaven by gratitude's sighs.

"Then look to life while the hour is young;

Folly is mad when the hour grows old;

And wisdom has listen'd as if hope sung,
Where'er for the tomb the bell has toll'd:
As the tree falls it lies, my son!—
The hermit ceas'd, and the youth pass'd on.

As we have not thought it necessary to analyse the tale itself, we are constrained to make our election of detached parts, in order to show the nature of the work; and we are not sorry to be thus thrown upon the extract of an old legend, which is spirited and original.

Legend of the Passion Flower and the Sprite.

A lovely maid, with an air of grace,
By moonlight stray'd to a desert place;
Little she reck'd; though the fact was rare
That mortal by night urg'd footstep there;
For many a phantom there would be,
And that was the haunt of witchery.

And, says the legend, the lovely maid
To that spot by the mild moon's beaming
stray'd;

Her heart was pure, her mind serene,
And, e'er she stray'd to that awful scene,
With no charm'd fillet she bound her hair,
To guard her from power of the 'witching
spell;

But she had breath'd an accepted prayer
To where the powers of goodness dwell.

And there as she stray'd she saw a sprite,
Of mortal form, blooming and bright:
And a spirit of air, have legends said,
Would woo the love of a mortal maid;
And that maid to the spirit who once gave

Was never known after to appear;
And the wind when shrieking was thought to
bear
The shriek of that spell-bound maid's de-
spair.

He saw the maid, and the maid he woo'd,
And still as she wander'd the sprite pursued;
Still where he stepp'd flow'rs seem'd to
spring,

And whenever he spoke birds seem'd to sing;
Whenever he sung it seem'd to be
The floating of heavenly harmony.
A lyre in his hand he seem'd to hold,
The frame was crystal, the strings were
gold;
And when he his hand to the lyre address'd
It seem'd a requiem of the blest.

THE SONG OF THE SPRITE.

Come rove with me, for 'tis blessed to rove
When the chaste moon hallows the vows of
love,

And the purest sighs have birth;
Immortal, my reign in the air I hold,
And though thou art form'd of the earthly
mould

From Eden, sure, came that earth:
And pair'd with pure virgin air's spirits may
be;—
Sweet spirit of earth, come, rove with me.

Ah, cease thy song, the maiden cried,
And hie thee far from me;
For thou art bliss by Heaven denied,
And I may not rove with thee.

I'll build thee a palace in air, love,
Environ'd with clouds of gold;
And rainbows encircle shall there, love,
The pillars the roof that hold;

And that roof with resplendent stars shall
blaze,

The floors be celestial blue;
And there I'll collect the sun's bright rays,
And the beam of the moon which so mildly
plays,
Day and night to give light for you.

Ah, cease thy song, the maiden cried,
And hie thee far from me!
For thou hast boasted, in thy pride,
What may not, cannot be.

I'll build for thee a wond'rous bower;
Pillars of agate shall there be seen,
And every leaf and every flower
Shall glow with gems of the brightest
sheen.

Each leaf shall the clearest emerald be,
Rubies shall glow in every rose;
Violets of sapphire thou there shalt see,
And crocus, where mellow the topaz glows.

There amethysts shall in pinks unite,
In lilies the orange jacinth curl:
Crystals shall form the lily white;
And the snow-drop pure be of orient pearl.

And every flower of every hue
With diamond drops shall o'ersprinkled be;
And they shall sparkle as drops of dew,
And the radiance that lights them reflect
from thee.

Ah! cease thy song, the maiden cried,
And hie thee far from me,
I spurn the bait thy art has tried,
And will not rove with thee:

For I shall be a spirit of light
When thou to light art lost:
And I shall be an angel bright
When thou in pain art toss'd.

And they were near a tower,
On which, wide-spreading, grew
The holy passion flower,
That sparkled with the dew.

And off a flower then pluck'd the maid,
A type of heavenly love:
A short and secret prayer she said
For power from above.

And with that flower she touch'd the sprite,
The dew she o'er him shed;
The fiend then lost his borrow'd light,
And howling from her fled.

And safe, with the holy passion flow'r,
Return'd that maid to her peaceful bow'r:
The legend closed, a moral gives thee—
Fable is all of witchery.

We shall add nothing to this example, but leave our readers to their own conclusions; only stating, that they will find a good deal of interest and amusement in various parts of the volume, the perusal of which we recommend to those who value these qualities, and do not demand strains of superior genius in the poetry, as an indispensable accompaniment.

A Summary Method of Teaching Children to Read, &c. By Mrs. Williams. London, 1818. 12mo. (second Edition) pp. 144.

THIS little essay is deserving of atten-

tion from its novelty, and from the curious principles laid down in the system, which it adopts and improves, from the Sieur Berthaud. Every rational attempt to facilitate and amend the method by which education is communicated to infancy, especially if the laborious and consuming tasks imposed upon our precious years are thereby abridged and lightened, is worthy of the regards of the learned who may not be parents, and the parents who may not be learned. In this spirit, we take upon us to recommend this little volume; the analysis of which, however, would require more space than we can devote to it. It differs materially from the Quadrille des Enfants, and may be briefly described as the explanation of a way of teaching by means of pictures or emblems, instead of the alphabet in common use. Before we quit the subject, we will venture to enter our protest against a dogma in the Introduction, page xxi, that it is a good way to punish inattentive pupils by doubling the period of their task. Instruction, in our opinion, ought never to be confounded with punishment, nor punishment with instruction. We soon learn to hate what is imposed as an infliction, and the youthful mind ought to be most anxiously kept clear from this perplexity and perversion.

Mrs. Williams deserves praise for the manner in which she has performed her useful and meritorious undertaking. It is explicitly written, and neatly illustrated.

PYNE'S HISTORY OF THE ROYAL RESIDENCES.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

WE have assigned our reasons for beginning with the selection of some extracts from the account of Buckingham House from this work, although the regular arrangement describes the buildings as follows: Windsor Castle, St. James's Palace, Carlton House, Kensington Palace, Hampton-Court Palace, the Queen's Palace, Buckingham House, and Frogmore.

The graphic illustrations of Windsor Castle are given in twenty-five plates; among which, the (two) views of the choir of St. George's Chapel, the chapel within the castle as fitted up by Charles II., St. George's Hall, the King's Presence Chamber, the King's Audience Chamber, the two Armouries, the Ball Room, the exterior view of the

North Front, and the Upper Ward, are magnificent and palace-like; the others, although less splendid, are admirable for the local truth with which they exhibit scenes that cannot fail to excite general interest from their ideal associations with what has passed therein, during the extensive period that has elapsed from their first occupation.

The author has commenced his description of each royal residence from its foundation, giving its early history, with every remarkable event strictly connected with the place, and characteristic of the manners of each age. A main feature of the work, however, is the history of their illustrious inhabitants and others connected with the Court, with an interesting account of the pictures, particularly the portraits, each of which is accompanied with a biographical sketch.

To the antiquarian and the virtuoso, much of this subject may be known; for the volumes of Vertue, Peck, Walpole, Granger, and others, who have lived before our time, have garnered abundant harvests in this department of literature. But to the generality of readers these subjects are new; for although the taste for such authors is becoming more fashionable, from many recent publications treating of the times past, yet antiquarian researches are confined within but narrow limits, even in this enlightened age.

The benefits arising to the community at large, from a more extensive diffusion of knowledge, are daily rendered more obvious. The general cultivation of literature and the arts, must add to happiness in proportion to the mind's advancement in improvement; and the advantage which commerce has derived from these sources, has happily at last added a political weight in the scale, when balancing the question.

In speaking of the degeneracy and low state of intellect of the inhabitants of this island, at the period of the first building of Windsor Castle, in comparison with their Norman Conquerors, the author observes:

In an age like this, there remained no hope of encouragement for the nobler exertions of intellect; learned men were scarcely to be found even in the cloister, and no patron was left to countenance those elegant arts that humanize mankind. The English, justly admired for their manly virtues during the government of some former princes, were become entirely unworthy of their noble predecessors—the national character was lost.

To the records of historians we are indebted for more than the usual gratification of laudable curiosity; an attentive study of the pages of history, affords some insight into the means by which Divine Wisdom effects the most important revolutions in the governments of the world; means alike known to Supreme intelligence at all times, but only discoverable to mortals by the development of succeeding events through a long series of ages. Thus, the conquest of England by the stern Duke of Normandy, diffused an extent of moral improvement to the descendants of the vanquished, which such an agent could not have promised to the utmost speculations of human foresight."

The improvements of the succeeding ages, and the occasional impediments to the advancement of science, are noticed up to the period of Charles the First. This forms a very pleasing part of the work. The author justly deplores the fatal blow which was given to the rising taste of the seventeenth century, in the death of that enlightened monarch.

The ill-fated Charles, previously to the commencement of his misfortunes, frequently resided at Windsor; and, like many of his royal predecessors, made it his place of retreat in times of civil commotion. To its sanctuary he retired from the insults of a tumultuous populace in the winter of 1642: at which time the committee of the House of Commons followed the King from Westminster to Windsor in boats, guarded by a great number of watermen, and there prevailed upon his majesty to desist from his prosecution of the impeached members.

The Castle, shortly subsequent to this, was possessed by the republican general, Sir William Waller, who held his quarters there with four thousand horse and foot. General Fairfax, in the year 1645, lay at Windsor with his army, and from thence despatched the too-successful Cromwell with the detachment of horse that did such fatal execution upon four regiments of the king's cavalry. It was also at this castle that Cromwell and Ireton, and the other puritanical rebel officers, after seeking the Lord, drew up the audacious remonstrance, which they sent to the parliament, demanding that the king should be brought to justice, and that the Prince of Wales and Duke of York should be proclaimed traitors, unless they submitted within a limited time.

In the latter end of the year 1648, Windsor Castle was destined to receive the unfortunate monarch, who was conducted thither a prisoner by Colonel Harrison, his armies being defeated and dispersed, his friends ruined, and his sacred person insulted. Here the royal captive remained while the vile remnant of the House of Commons was preparing for that mockery of justice, which formed part of the tragedy of 1648-9.

After the murder of the king, Windsor Castle became the prison of the Earl of

Norwich, the Lord Capel, and the Duke of Hamilton; at which time the loyal, the dignified Capel treated the miscreant Ireton with that haughty contempt which his perfidious and unsoldier-like conduct towards the prisoners in the royal cause merited, but which it is probable brought the gallant nobleman to the scaffold.

Prince Henry, the elder son of King James, who died in his nineteenth year, was a youth of elegant mental endowments: he cultivated the study of the arts and sciences, and began to collect a gallery of pictures, which formed the nucleus of the magnificent collection that graced the palaces of the enlightened King Charles. Such noble monuments of human genius were an abomination to the puritans. The pictures, and other treasures of art, were sold by Cromwell and his adherents, and banished the country. So hateful was each vestige of art to these saints, that they defaced every ingenious work that their rapacity could not dispose of as plunder. Church ornaments were defaced, painted glass windows demolished, sacred altars were turned into sutlers' tables, and the consecrated temples themselves converted into stables by these profane reformers.

Charles was not only a scholar, but possessed a more than ordinary knowledge of the liberal arts; he was perfectly acquainted with the merits of every school of painting, was an excellent judge of architecture, and well skilled in the history and value of medals. He was a generous benefactor to the professors of painting, and encouraged the most celebrated foreign masters to reside in England, that his subjects might benefit by their instruction, and be excited to emulate them in these elegant pursuits. The collection of this sovereign was the admiration of Europe; and, after his death, foreign princes were eager to enrich their cabinets with the works which his superior taste had selected for his own. The pictures which formed that part of the Royal Gallery called the Mantua Collection, alone cost the king eighty thousand pounds. The Lord Abbot Montagu, almoner to Queen Henrietta, and many other noblemen and gentlemen, had presented the king with paintings.

One of the first acts of Oliver Cromwell and his colleagues, after the death of the King, was the disposal of the pictures, statues, tapestry hangings, and other splendid ornaments of the royal palaces. Among the distinguished purchasers of this valuable plunder was the Cardinal Mazarin, who had basely courted Cromwell during the life of King Charles, and who now gave large sums for the rich goods and jewels of the rifled crown, and decorated his palace at Paris with the superb bed hangings, and carpets of the royal mansions of England.

The ambassador from Spain, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, having, during his residence here, malignantly enjoyed the persecutions of the English king, purchased, after his death, a number of the finest pictures in the royal collection, and sent

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them to Madrid, where they now remain within the walls of the Escorial.

Christina Queen of Sweden purchased from these plunderers several pictures of great price, and many of the choicest medals and jewels.

The archduke Leopold expended large sums for many of the best pictures, which were sent into Germany.

Some splendid and rich tapestry, wrought for Charles when Prince of Wales, was also purchased by Leopold, which found its way again into England, being repurchased at Brussels for the sum of 3,000l. by Frederic Prince of Wales, the father of his present majesty.

The greater part of the royal collection was appraised and sold by order of the parliament, several paintings belonging to which produced higher sums than those at which they were valued.

The pictures at Wimbledon and Greenwich, amounting to one hundred and forty-three in number, were appraised at 1789l. 19s.

Pictures at the Bear Gallery, and some in the Privy Lodgings at Whitehall, in number sixty-one, were appraised at 2,291l. 10s. Among these were the Cartoons by Raphael: a Julio Romano, sold for 500l.

(Windsor Castle to be concluded in our next.)

MADAME BEAUHARNOIS.—NAPOLEON'S MARRIAGE.

(From *Les Souvenirs et Anecdotes Secrètes pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution*.)

Article XVIII. When the *St. Helena Manuscript* was published in London, I received the two first copies that reached Paris. I kept one and sent the other to General Barras. The next time I saw him, I observed that the *memoire* must certainly have been drawn up by Buonaparte himself; for I thought nobody else could possibly have written it; and many of my friends were of the same opinion. You mistake, replied the General; the work itself contains evident proof that it is not written by him. On two occasions mention is made of my connection with Buonaparte with reference to facts indifferent in themselves, and which, consequently, he could have no interest in misrepresenting; and yet the most erroneous statements are made.

The first error, continued Barras, appears in page 10, where I am styled a *seaman* by Buonaparte, who knew very well that I was not a seaman, and that if I had been in India, it was as a military officer commanding troops of the line, and not as an officer of the navy.

The second error, which is more detailed, and consequently more apparent, occurs in page 15, where the following lines are attributed to Napoleon:

"The affair of the sections (on the 13th Vendémiaire) raised me to the rank of general of division, and I thus acquired a sort of celebrity. The successful party, being dissatisfied with the victory, I was detained in Paris against my inclination,

for all my ambition was to appear in the field in my new rank.

"Thus I remained idle in Paris. I had no relations; I was totally ignorant of the forms of society, and I visited only at the house of Barras, where I was always kindly received. There for the first time I saw my wife, who had so great an influence over the events of my life, and whose memory will ever be dear to me.

"I was not insensible to female charms, though I was naturally timid in the company of women. Madame de Beauharnois was the first who inspired me with confidence; one day when I chanced to be sitting near her, she paid me many flattering compliments on my military talent. I was delighted with her praises—I followed her wherever she went; in short, I fell passionately in love with her, and our friends remarked it long before I had courage to tell her so.

"At length Barras spoke to me on the subject. I had no reason to disguise my sentiments. Well, said he, since it is so, you must marry Madame de Beauharnois. You have military rank and talents that may be turned to advantage; but you are solitary, without fortune, without connection. You must marry, that will give weight to your character. Madame de Beauharnois is agreeable and intelligent, but she is a widow; and the state of widowhood is nothing now-a-days. Women no longer play a high part in public affairs, they must marry to acquire consequence. You have talent which will distinguish you in the world; Madame de Beauharnois likes you;—will you entrust me with the negotiation?

"I awaited the answer with the utmost anxiety; it proved favourable. Madame de Beauharnois granted me her hand; and if in the course of my life I ever enjoyed happiness, I owe it entirely to her."

Thus, continued Barras, Buonaparte transforms me into the negotiator of his marriage; but it is all a fabrication. He certainly saw Madame de Beauharnois, for the first time at my house, and as it is stated there fell in love with her, and formed the plan of his marriage; the *denouement* however was nearly brought about before I had the least knowledge of the affair; and it was not until the eve of his marriage that Buonaparte came to inform me of it, and to know whether I approved of the match. It was certainly somewhat late to ask such a question; but I had no reason to withhold my consent, and I offered him my congratulations. He is made to say, as you will observe, that if he ever enjoyed happiness in his life, he is indebted for it to his wife. It may be so; but a few days after his marriage, he spoke to me in a very different tone. From these circumstances, added Barras, I conclude that the *manuscript* is not the production of Buonaparte.

M. Tabarié, under secretary of state for the war department, likewise observed to me, that the style bore not the least resemblance to Napoleon's. On this subject he related to me the following curious particulars: "I have seen, said he, a vast number of letters and notes written by the

Emperor; his sentences were occasionally short, but for the most part interminably long. His style was fantastic, his expressions singular; but genius and depth of thinking were observable in every thing he wrote. He sometimes addressed five letters daily to the same minister, and yet his correspondence was always full of matter. This activity of mind lasted as long as fortune favoured him; when his prosperity began to decline, his letters became less frequent and his ideas less clear; and, as we did not always understand what he wrote, we dreaded to receive a note from him. These notes ceased altogether after the Russian campaign. It is customary to judge of the Emperor only by his military glory; but if the letters transmitted by him to the different ministers and authorities whilst in the plenitude of his power and faculties, should ever be collected together, posterity will regard him even as a greater politician than a captain."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Observations in England, from the Journal of the Second Tour of their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Louis of Austria, through the British Provinces.

[Continued.]

Oxford has a press to print the works used in the University, especially Classics. It is called the Clarendon press, because it was established with the profits arising from the sale of the Historical Works of Lord Clarendon. It possesses types of fifteen languages. The director of it has a salary of four or five hundred pounds per annum.

The very ancient Church of New College is worth seeing. The windows are all painted. On turning round at the altar, you are surprised at the magnificent appearance of the opposite window, which is seen through the organ, standing before it like a cloud. The beautiful painting on this window is modern, executed by Jervais, from a design of Reynolds: it represents the Nativity of our Saviour. The figures are as large as life, and the idea is borrowed from the celebrated "Night" of Correggio. The execution is admirable. Below the principal painting, are female figures representing the Virtues; that of Hope is distinguished above the rest. The impression made by this picture is uncommonly pleasing.

The Observatory stands in a pretty large garden. The Professor of Astronomy, Mr. Robertson, is a very able man; he is a native of Scotland, and self-educated; having risen from the office of keeper (*Concierge*) in one of the colleges, to the rank of a distinguished Astronomer. The Observatory possesses a very large mural circle, by Bird, the radius of which is 8'. There is also a large zenith sector, by the same artist, contrived to turn round: the division of its arc extends to 7½ degrees of the zenith. A transit instrument, likewise by Bird, is 8'.

long, and magnifies 80 times. The axes rest on pillars, and are provided with counter-weights to lessen the friction.

Among the other colleges which we visited was the richly endowed Magdalen College, which contributed to the unhappy fate of King James, because he wanted to exercise influence in the choice of the professors.

The revenues of these colleges are not exactly known; they make a secret of them to all strangers; the salaries of the professors are also kept secret. Besides a fixed salary, secured by the foundation, a professor receives three pounds sterling from every pupil for a course of lectures. The University always sends two Fellows to travel for five years at its expense.

We left Oxford on the 4th. In the neighbourhood of Buckingham is the celebrated park belonging to the Marquis of Buckingham, which is said to be the most beautiful in all England. Several other very handsome country seats are in the neighbourhood. The little town of Woodstock is remarkable for its manufactory of gloves. In the town and neighbourhood three hundred and fifty dozen pair of gloves are made every week: this work employs sixty men and three hundred women and children. The skins which are used are very fine, and the work is good and durable.

Near Woodstock is the palace of Blenheim. The first view at the entrance of the park is extremely agreeable. The eye reposes on a large and beautiful mead, and on a sheet of water over which there is a handsome stone bridge. The palace with its appendages stands upon an eminence, to the left; and opposite, on the right, is a pillar a hundred and thirty-three feet high, which supports Marlborough's statue; viewed from this point, the trees and groups are so arranged, that, as we were assured, they represent the order of battle on the day of Blenheim. A woody declivity closes the prospect. The sheet of water is artificial; its surface is two hundred acres in extent, and that of the whole park two thousand seven hundred acres; it consists entirely of meadow ground, and groups of trees, and is twelve miles in circumference.

The style of architecture of the palace shows the corrupted taste of the age in which it was built. This estate and palace, were presented, as is well known, to Marlborough by Queen Anne and the nation, together with a revenue of five thousand a year for its support. In the palace there are many paintings, most of which represent the Duke of Marlborough's battles. The manuscripts of this great commander are also preserved here; there are many remarkable papers among them; for example his correspondence with Prince Eugene.

Stratford upon Avon is Shakspeare's birth-place. An inscription on the wall of a miserable house, testifies that the great poet was born and lived here. An obliging old woman, who affirms that she is descended from him in the female line, shows and explains

every thing: near the chimney-place stand Shakspeare's chair, and a little box, which was given to him by the King of Spain; a plate, on which he has engraved the history of David and Goliath, and lastly his gun. These are shown on the ground-floor: a wretched staircase leads to the first story. We entered the sitting-room of the poet, and were shown his pocket handkerchief, his drinking-glass, one of his wife's slippers, a little box in which is his last will, a chair on which he sat while writing his immortal works, a part of his bed, the sword which he wore in the character of Hamlet; a small chair of his son's, whom he also called Hamlet; his portrait, in which it is difficult to make out a figure, that nearly resembles that of the devil on the hand-bills of the puppet-show at Vienna; and lastly a stage decoration, which was used in the performance of Romeo and Juliet. When we had seen the whole, the good old woman made us a present of a piece of wood of a tree which Shakspeare planted in his garden. His monument is in the church.

(Concluded for the Present.)

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

The Icelandic Literary Society, at Copenhagen, will shortly publish a collection of the best Icelandic Poets.

THE FINE ARTS.

REMBRANDT PICTURE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR.—Knowing your willingness to oblige your friends, by giving insertion in your valuable publication to any interesting article, and particularly those relating to new discoveries in the Arts—on this consideration I have been induced to write you an account of a valuable painting, which was discovered at Stafford a short time since. A friend of mine residing at that place, and who is a great collector of old paintings, purchased a few weeks ago, one, the subject of which was "the Holy Family," from an old Roman Catholic lady; who informed him, that it had been in her family upwards of ninety years; how they came in possession of it she could not say, though she had been frequently informed by her father that it was painted by a person of the name of Rembrandt, but knew not he was so celebrated a painter, and his works so much esteemed. It has been, since in the possession of my friend, examined by many connoisseurs, and all have pronounced it to be an undoubted original of that great master; the persons represented in the piece are the Virgin, and the infant Jesus, Saint John, and Saint Catherine. The Virgin holds the infant Jesus in her arms, which are extended forward to St. Catherine in a most graceful and easy manner. The face of the Virgin is particularly striking, and possesses all the force of colour which Rembrandt was capable of giving. At first sight of the infant Jesus, you are

struck with wonder and admiration; as he appears starting from the canvas into the arms of St. Catherine, who is ready to receive him. The force and harmony of colour in this figure is truly astonishing, as Rembrandt seems to have bestowed the greatest pains, and certainly has given it some of his finest touches, as a specimen of his wonderful talent. St. Catherine is on the right of the Virgin, with her arms extended for the Infant. This figure according to the opinion of some surpasses the other, but it is my own opinion and that of many other judicious critics, that the infant Jesus is the artist's masterpiece, and of course the admiration of all lovers of the pencil; and will be the wonder of succeeding ages, as it has been rarely equalled, and never surpassed by any of the old masters. The draperies are particularly beautiful, and disposed in large folds, which give the figures an easy and graceful appearance. St. John is on the left of the Virgin, with one arm extended forward, the other holding a stick, which rests on his shoulders, with a wallet suspended at the farthest extremity; this figure needs no greater eulogy than by saying, it is executed with the same judgment and brilliancy of colouring as the other figures. An artist of Stafford has taken a copy from it for a nobleman in the neighbourhood, who ranks high as a judicious connoisseur, a lover of the Arts, and the greatest patron and rewarder of merit in the kingdom; which is the only one that has been taken, since it came in the possession of my friend, or while the property of the former owner. Whilst copying it, the artist employed, unfortunately scratched the face of the Virgin, but luckily it has not received any serious injury. Upon the whole, I think it is as fine a painting as I ever saw by any master, the tints being extremely rich and harmonious,—the drawing correct,—the light and shade managed with wonderful effect,—and altogether displaying such truth and nature, as to render it a great acquisition to those artists who have an opportunity of studying its beauties.—It is the intention of the owner to have an engraving taken from it, having been requested by many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, before which time I will send you a particular account for insertion.

I remain yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

Stafford, July 13th, 1819.

ENGRAVING.

Etching from Mr. Clennell's Picture of the divine charge of the Life Guards, at Waterloo.

It will be in the recollection of most of our readers, to whose favour we earnestly recommended the subject, that, a short time since, proposals were issued for publishing by subscription a print from the above picture, under the direction of a Committee of Artists and Amateurs, for the benefit of the painter's infant children. The friends of humanity and of the Arts

generally, are also, it is presumed, sufficiently acquainted with the calamitous history of this family, to render it necessary to repeat what has been so feelingly stated in the Prospectuses by the Committee, who have, so much to their honour, undertaken the publication. Although much has been done by friends, much yet remains to do, in order to accomplish the object of providing for three little destitute orphans; and as their main reliance is on this Engraving, after the masterly production of their father, it may well be imagined, that much anxiety is felt by those who conduct it, that its completion shall do credit to the Arts of the country, and to the sacred cause of humanity whence it originated. To those who are not aware of its progress, it must, therefore, be gratifying to know that the exertions of the engraver have kept pace with the wishes of the Committee, Mr. Bromley having already produced an admirable etching from this splendid composition, Proofs of which are in the hands of the Subscribers; and the Plate is proceeding towards a finish, with as much rapidity as the nature of the work, and the greatest care can possibly admit.

ETCHINGS.

Four views of Claremont;—the mansion, the island, the concert cottage, and the park. Etched by Miss Harriot Gouldsmith, from pictures taken by her in October, 1818. 10s. 6d.

We noticed these pictures in our critique upon the Water-colour Exhibition, and spoke of the interest attached to the scene which they represented. As that interest still survives the loss of our lamented Princess, it will, we should imagine, give great popularity to these etchings, which are further recommended as being the work of a female hand. They are upon the whole clever productions, and afford a perfect idea of Claremont and its attractions. The last is the best as a piece of art, and being executed in a broad style with some good massing in the centre, far surpasses the furzy appearance which unrelieved woods, if not most ably done, are sure to present. We trust the fair Artist will meet the encouragement her taste and perseverance so justly merit.

GLASS PAINTING.

Having in our last number inserted an interesting article on Glass Painting in Germany, we extract from a foreign journal since received the following notice.

COLOGNE, July 11.—On the application of the Government of this city, his Excellency the Minister of State, Count Bulow, has been induced to give an extraordinary recompense of 400 rix dollars, to our much esteemed fellow citizen, the painter M. Birrenbach, for his discovery of the mode of Painting on Glass, and as an encouragement to proceed in the improvement of his invention.

This indefatigable artist had laboured for many years, but without success, to revive the lost art of Glass Painting; and

he has now at length succeeded to the joy of all friends of Art. The Royal Academy of Arts, has submitted the most successful of his performances to a careful trial, and has decided that these performances, by their perfect genuineness, are honourably distinguished from many similar attempts.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DISCOVERY.—Lieutenant Varnhagen, a German, in the Brazils, has made an important discovery: namely, that saw-dust, particularly of soft wood, mixed with gunpowder, in equal parts, has thrice the strength of powder alone, when used in blowing up rocks.

THE COMET.

The following data respecting the new Comet, gleaned from various sources, may perhaps be acceptable to many of our readers.

BERLIN, July 3.—On the 1st of July in the evening, I discovered a new Comet. At 11h. 55m. it passed through the meridian, at the apparent altitude of about $20^{\circ} 20'$. It was therefore between the wagoner and the twins, northerly above the latter. This Comet is very brilliant; for in the next morning twilight, being only between 6° and 7° degrees above the horizon, it appeared almost like Venus, and its distance from Capella, at about 2h. 14m. in the morning could be measured with a sextant, and was at that moment $18^{\circ} 55' 10''$. The tail is considerable. The nucleus seems remarkably large. The very cloudy night prevented accurate regular observation, as it was visible only for very short intervals; and the twilight hindered any star from being seen in the telescope near the Comet. [Signed, Tralles.]

LUNENBURGH, July 3.—Yesterday evening, at 11 o'clock, Lieutenant Zahrtmann of the Danish navy, who had accompanied Ramsden's zenith sector, discovered near the horizon, in the north, a very bright Comet with a considerable tail, which appears to the naked eye like a star of the first magnitude. According to the preliminary calculation from the observations made immediately after, it had at 12h. 30m. a right ascension of $101^{\circ} 45'$, and a north declination of $41^{\circ} 51'$.

COPENHAGEN, July 6.—Since Sunday evening (4th July), the Comet has been observed here in the north-west. Notwithstanding the bright moonlight, and clear summer nights, it is easily seen with the naked eye, appearing like a star of the second or third magnitude. At midnight it was nearest to Capella, which was north-east, 7° or 8° degrees from the Comet.

LUNENBURGH, July 5.—(Communicated by Mr. H. C. Albers.) Last night the Comet was seen here precisely at 12 o'clock, pretty exactly in the north, about 6° degrees above the horizon, consequently in about 43° north declination, and 104° right ascen-

sion. The nucleus appears as a star of the second magnitude: the tail is about the length of four degrees, and compared with that of the Comet of 1811, is longer, narrower, and brighter. In the south of Germany it appears low in the horizon, but more brilliant, because the twilight there does not rise so much above the horizon. This Comet is one of the largest hitherto seen, and on that account extremely worthy of attention, even from those who are no astronomers. With respect to its identity with preceding Comets, no decision can be made till after the calculation of the elements of its orbit, from the data, which the observations may furnish.

AUGSBURG, July 4.—Last night we saw here a fine Comet with a considerable tail, which, though very visible to the naked eye, had remained concealed by the gloomy weather that we had had for several days. Mr. Stark discovered it on the 24th of June.* It now appeared in the constellation of the Lynx: the apparent diameter of the very bright nucleus, amounted, according to Mr. Stark's observation, at 10h. 47m. to nearly a minute of the great circle; the breadth of the tail $7' 48''$, and its length above two degrees. At 11h. 42m. the tail stood vertically towards the pole star. The Comet did not rest, but in its passage through the northern meridian, approached the horizon within 4° . This morning from 1h. 25m. to 2h. 30m. the brightness of the nucleus and the size of the tail visibly increased, so that notwithstanding the morning twilight it was observed till near three o'clock in the morning.

AUGSBURG, July 5.—Last night, the moon shining bright, the Comet was considerably fainter; but as the moon went down, the brightness of the nucleus and the length of the tail increased in proportion. This morning at 1h. 41m. Mr. Stark found the apparent length of the tail to be near $2^{\circ} 48'$, its mean breadth above $12'$, and the apparent diameter of the nucleus, above $1' 12''$ in parts of the great circle. At 12h. 26', $56''$ mean solar time. The Comet was vertical under the pole star, at the apparent distance of $44^{\circ} 29'$.

MUNICH.—According to the statement which the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich has received from its master and astronomer, Mr. Soldner, respecting the Comet which has so suddenly made its appearance, its right ascension was on the 3d of July in the evening $102^{\circ} 47'$, north declination $43^{\circ} 31'$, and on the 4th of July, at the same time, right ascension $103^{\circ} 52'$; north declination, $45^{\circ} 0'$. The Comet is therefore approaching the head of the great bear, and will be long visible.

UTRECHT, July 6.—Since last Saturday, (the 3d July) we have seen a Comet above the horizon, visible to the naked eye, with a pretty bright nucleus, surrounded with a nebulous light, which on the side turned from the sun forms a tail of about 1 degree.

* It was seen, by the naked eye, on the 30th of June, at Brompton, near London. Ed.

On Saturday as soon as the twilight was passed, several persons saw the Comet in the constellation of Herschel's Telescope, between the Lynx and the Twins, almost directly under the pole star, and on the prolongation of a line drawn from Capella, through *Beta* in the Waggoner. On the 4th, the bad weather prevented any observation of it; but on the 5th at midnight it was seen to pass through the meridian; the nucleus and the tail still turned from the sun, remaining nearly as before. Its north declination was about 50°, and the right ascension nearly 101 degrees. As it is now in the constellation of the Lynx, it does not set, but is visible the whole night from the evening to the morning twilight.

PARIS, July 13.—Our astronomers have at length broken their silence respecting the Comet now visible in the constellation of the Lynx. The following are its elements, determined by M. Bouvard, Member of the Academy of Sciences, and Astronomer to the Board of Longitude.

1819. July.	True Altitude.	Right Ascen- sion in de- grees.	Declination.	Azimuth.	Meantime at Utrecht.
3.	7° 10' 7"	100° 10' 2"	43° 9' 43"	16° 10' 23"	1h 24' 44" 3 A. M.
5.	9° 31' 38"	104° 44' 34"	47° 36' 24"	In the Meri- dian.	12h 0' 50"
9.	13° 10' 33"	116° 36' 52"	50° 42' 31"	6° 20'	12h 46' 6" 6

GREENWICH.—The Comet passed the meridian below the Pole, at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, on Saturday, July 3, towards midnight, and then its situation was determined as follows:

Apparent right ascension 6h 51m 36s
North Polar distance, corrected for the refraction 46° 18' 47"

It was observed again on Monday evening, the 5th, but not before it passed the meridian, and then the following observations were made:

Apparent right ascension 7h 0m 9s
North Polar distance 43° 34' 48"

Mean time of observation 12h 36m 4s
It was observed again, Wednesday the 7th, but not exactly in the meridian, the weather being unfavourable. Its situation was determined in the eastern tower.

Mean time 11h 53m 2s
Right ascension 7h 8m 9s 5
North Polar distance 51° 42' 19"

If we meet with any farther particulars, we will communicate them. We expect those of Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, and Professor Bode, of Berlin.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

July 20, 1810.

SIR,—As the anniversary is approaching of the Battle of the Nile, I beg leave to inclose

This Comet will pass its perihelion on the 2d of August, at midnight.

Perihelion distance, 0.51744, the distance of the Earth from the Sun being unit.

Longitude of the Perihelion 0° 47'
Ditto of the Node 277 14
Inclination of the Orbit 44 57
Heliocentric motion direct

These elements are, at present, only approximative: it recedes from the Earth, approaching the Sun.

This Comet does not resemble any of those which have hitherto been observed.

It was at first supposed to be the same Comet that was discovered by Mr. Pons, at Marseilles, on the 12th of June last, but this opinion appears to be ill founded.

UTRECHT, July 11.—Professor Moll has communicated the following statement of his observations made at the Observatory at Utrecht.

The sun propitious rose to show Britannia's conquest—France's woe—

For ere he set again,
'Twas Nelson's glorious fate to see
Four vanquish'd Gallic vessels flee,
Nine captive ships remain.

The rest, to waves and flames a prey,
In wrecks and scatter'd fragments lay—
Five thousand Frenchmen died.

'Twas Nelson's glorious fate to see
Four vanquish'd Gallic vessels flee,
Nine captive ships remain.

Th' astonish'd Arabs, from the shore,
Rejoiced to see the conflict o'er;
Their fell invaders yield:

To see the far more barb'rous Gaul
Before heroic Nelson fall—
Dread victor of the field!

Ye grateful Britons, hail the day,
Your valiant seamen prov'd your sway
Triumphant o'er the main.
Those champions of your faith and laws,
Resistless in the noble cause,
Your glory will maintain.

SONNET

TO AN ECLIPSED MOON.

Hail, dreary orb! I saw thee rise to-night
In all the splendour that e'er circled thee;
Shedding thy radiance of reflected light
O'er the blue billows of the distant sea.
Such was this heart, ere Misery came to mar
The dawning prospects of Youth's sanguine day,
When ardent Hope, though beaming from afar,
Cheer'd my young bosom with her bright-
est ray:

But the rude world its darksome shadow
roll'd
O'er the blest sun, beneath whose genial
glow
My heart was warn'd, and left that heart as
cold,—

A blank as dreary as thy orb is now!
A few short hours will thy shorn beams re-
store,
But my lorn heart can wake to light no more.
W. H. H.

AN EPITAPH.

What! is the ancient shepherd dead?
The patriarch of the mountains gone?—
And is all his white hair withered,
That once like snow in the moonlight
shone?
And is yon old dame left alone
To battle with the world?—alas!
How different from the thing she was.
He was no common hind, that held
An idle occupation here:
Nor in fantastic dreams beheld
Wild visions from another sphere:
But his mind was firm and clear,
And many useful things could tell,
And, at times, on loftier story dwell.

Every bird that wandered forth,
And every grass and herb that sips
Nourishment from the rainy North
He knew, aye, and the dark eclipse,
The moon, the sun, and why he dips
His head beneath the burning seas,
And nature's many mysteries.

Oh! he was well beloved there:
The very breezes seem'd to play

a copy of a Ballad, written by an officer of the army, at Gibraltar, on the news arriving in the garrison of that memorable event. It has never appeared in print, and, should you think it deserves a place in your interesting miscellany, is much at your service.

I am, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE,

AUGUST 1, 1798.

Where Nilus pours his hallow'd flood,
Discolour'd with Egyptian blood,
By Frenchmen basely shed,
Brave Nelson, with indignant pride,
Beheld their impious squadron ride—
A gallant band he led.

From great St. Vincent's fleet it came,
The chief who gain'd immortal fame
On that auspicious day,
When, near the Lusitanian coast,
He smote the haughty Spanish host,
With terror and dismay.

Now these terrific prowess again
The waters plough in Nelson's train,
And bend towards the shore.
Th' embattled line, with bold advance,
Drops anchor close to that of France—
The thund'ring cannons roar.

Both French and English fierce engage;
The combat, with redoubled rage,
Gives horror to the night:
Whilst in the contest crowds expire,
The flaming Orient's awful fire
Illuminates the fight.

In fondness, with his silver hair;
But now he's vanished from the day,
And shook his eighty years away;
Free as his mountain winds is he,
Let loose to immortality. R.

TO JOHN RANDALL, THE FAMOUS PUGILIST.

(Imitation of a beautiful Sonnet.)

RANDALL, whom now the envious 'millers'
OWN
Fighter indeed, cautious, and quick, and
true,
Fit to stand up with those who science knew,
The master-spirits 'grassed' by death alone;
Big Ben who made the great Tom Johnson
groan,
And Pearse, who dext'rous Belcher over-
threw,
Aye, and with him who turns black eyes to
blue,
Cribb, negro-conqueror,* famous champion;
Well hast thou fought thy way to wealth and
fame,
JACK RANDALL; and although there be who
think

(For some are careless of the laurell'd brow.)
But little of thy glory or thy game,
Yet when they learn that thou hast touch'd
the 'clink,'
Some value to thy labours must allow.

B.

* He vanquished the great black, Molineux,
and a wonderful old man, Richmond, who is
a fighter at the age of nearly 60.

LINES,

On hearing that the Mayor of Bath had been
requested to exert his authority, and prevent
shaving on Sundays!

Thou shalt not shave on Sundays; to be
saved,
None must henceforth shave others, or be
shaved;
No mortal shall be found, when shutters
close,

To take his fellow mortal by the nose;
No man of suns must let a stranger in,
Or pass unholy razors o'er his chin;
Spread filthy lather on the Sabbath day,
Or scrape a week's unseemliness away.
Should swain, or barber, mar a six days'
growth

Upon the seventh,—ruin seize them both:—
And doubtless, by some newly garbled text,
Washing and combing, will be sinful next.

Whilst evils so minute our minds engage,
In virtue, this must be a golden age!
Or is it flimsy leaf, which thinly spread
O'er mere externals, gilds an age of lead?
Whilst they preserve such sanctity without,
Are men more pure in deeds, and more de-
vout?

Do they on show alone their care bestow?
Or have they "that within which passes
show?"

Oh! impious question; oh! most naughty
doubt!
Their sanctity can ne'er abide without;
Their love of Sunday beards, their dread of
sin,

Are kindred emanations from within;
All are, in truth, as pure as they appear,
And every thing is gold that glitters here:
So much they strive to purify the heart,
They scorn to purify a carnal part;

They pray with antrimm'd sanctity of face,
And e'en their very beards must grow in
grace;

Each holy hair demands a world's applause,
Hairs left to flourish in a blessed cause;
And midst those beards, when ev'ry razor
rests,
Small birds of paradise shall build their
nests.

If any doubt them, look around and view
Their systems, and their reformations too!
New schemes, new schools, new lights, new
sects arise;
New paths of peace; new short cuts to the
skies;
New doctrines to each scripture text belong,
And all we once thought right, is reckon'd
wrong.

And mark the consequence:—In modern
times,
How scarce are sinners! and how rare are
crimes!

Our penitentiaries are void within!
Now none need penitence, since none know
sin!

From Judges' lips no awful doom is heard!
And Prison, is become an empty word!

Q. IN THE CORNER.

BIOGRAPHY.

CARDINAL GONSALVI.

A Flemish paper contains the following
particulars respecting the celebrated Cardi-
nal Gonsalvi.

"Hercules Gonsalvi, now Cardinal and
Prime Minister of Pius VII. was born at
Toscannella, and is now about sixty-three
years of age. An intelligent politician, and
possessing a cultivated taste for literature,
he obtained, through the influence of the
aunts of Louis XVI., with whom he was
a favourite, the situation of auditor of the
Ruota, which leads immediately to the
Cardinalate. He was imprisoned and ex-
iled at the period of the French invasion,
was afterwards appointed secretary to Car-
dinal Chiaramonti. Gonsalvi was invested
with the purple, when the latter, under the
name of Pius VII., obtained the tiara. He
was next made under-secretary of state, in
which quality he signed the Concordat of
1801, concluded with Buonaparte. During
the residence of Lucien Buonaparte at
Rome, Gonsalvi proved himself one of the
most faithful friends of that Prince. In
1814, he proceeded to the Congress of
Vienna, and claimed in the name of the
Pope the possession of the Marche and the
three legations. Cardinal Gonsalvi is in
full enjoyment of the favor of the Holy
Father; and it is universally allowed that
few diplomatists are at once so amiable and
well informed, or understand the art of ne-
gotiating with manners so conciliatory and
agreeable.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XXVI.

SUCH THINGS ARE.

The heat of the weather and the empti-

ness of the town induced me to quit Lon-
don for a few days; or, rather I ought
candidly to say, that I felt as if it would be
a little fashionable to be absent for a while,
in order to enable my porter to say, with-
out violating truth,—“My master is in the
country.” The shutting up of my shut-
ters also had some attraction for me; and
the finding of my carpets beaten, my house
thoroughly clean, my furniture vamped
up, my pictures renovated, and something
like novelty in a house which I had in-
habited for forty years (for the last twenty
of which I have done nothing but observe
mankind, mixing however in the first cir-
cles) delighted me exceedingly. It struck
me also that Lord —, my oldest friend,
on his way from his villa on the Thames
to balance his banker's book, would ex-
claim, “by Jupiter, the Hermit has left
his cell at last—after that, we can wonder
at nothing:” and Sir John would get off
his poney on his weekly visit from Rich-
mond, and inspect my white-washers and
painters, and perhaps win a pot of coffee
by making his lady guess whom he had
found out of town with his house under a
thorough repair, and furnishing up in all
directions. Alas! do what I can, I can-
not put a new face on the landlord; but
what must be, must be. I must now give
place to solid reflections, than to those of
my mirror; therefore, as the sage said

“Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was:
What, from this time I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.”

In spite of all this, my peculiar delight,
in the season when London is a deserted
village, compared to what it exhibits in
spring, is to ramble through the three
parks, to view the tenantless squares, to
look up like a country cousin at the houses
of the great, to saunter on the shady side
of Pall Mall and of St. James's Street, un-
interrupted by my acquaintances, to watch
the guardsman just emerged from his band-
box, like the butterfly just invested with
his wings, the life-guardsmen lost in
boots, and half extinguished by his helmet,
—“the soldier tired of war's alarms,” who
now wars not on man, but on defence-
less woman, drawing his net round some
fair milliner, or deciding the fall of some
vacillating frail one—the lovely tottering
image, which, if supported and upheld,
would stand firm and enviably on its emi-
nence—in fine, the lounge, the ennuyeux,
the man kept in town by poverty, him de-
tained by business, the rake on his trading
voyage to town to raise the wind for the
Brighton or the continental campaign, the
loose fish of Piccadilly waiting for her
friend to go out of town, i. e. for money,
et cetera, et cetera.

I chose to rusticate as near as possible
to London, and was just as contented with
my short journey, and with my séjour on
the banks of old father Thames, as if I
had gone a long continental tour, and had
taken up my residence on the Lago di
Como, or on the verge of the romantic
lake of Geneva. I had not, however, been
many days in my quarters before I was

tired of them, nor could I have endured them so long had not my occupation as an observer of what passes in the world, amused the tedious hours.

Several successive days a couple passed me, occasionally seated in an open carriage, leaning towards each other with a doux penchant, and nestling together, as it were, like two turtle doves. At other times they rode out; the lady deeply veiled, the cavalier close by her side, conversing sometimes closely and with his hand resting on the pommel of her saddle. At others they were walking in the most retired walks, linked in each others arm, as the woodbine often fondly entwines itself round the graceful ash or sycamore, leaving its form so indented and impressed thereon that if it be torn from it, its mark of image and attachment remains, the woodbine perishes, and the tree is incomplete, and shorn of its sweetest ornament. So are two young hearts united in love and wedlock, thought I; but rare are they to be met with. Thus too does the gallant cavalier derive honor and ornament from beauty pendant on his arm, and when separated seems as if his hand fell disconsolate, as if that arm were widowed for a time.

Just as I was thus sentimentalizing, the gay couple passed me again. What a happy pair! thought I. "Man and wife, perhaps newly married! or the still more romantic courting nymph and swain! I recognized the male countenance; but the cavalier avoided me. I made enquiries, and found that it was a noble Baronet who had been married two years; his wife had twice become a mother; his was a match of inclination; and she had every thing to render the wedded state felicitous—youth, beauty, good connections, polished manners, and easy temper. But she was—his wife! The present partner of his arm is of a swarthy complexion, upwards of thirty, (whilst Lady — is twenty-one), of regular features, the wife of another, capricious in her temper, and extravagant to excess; yet does this connection afford all the spell necessary to ensnare a heart, all the novelty and caprice which alone satisfy vitiated taste, all the wiles, the variety, and the enchantment which estrange legitimate affection, and which alienate all the tender duties and ties of wedded life!

I remember when I was in Italy, these changes of partners were habitual to almost all classes; and I recollect, in France also, a young monkey of a marquis saying, "Julie est jeune et jolie; elle m'aime à la folie; elle n'a que dix sept ans, et est adoré par les hommes; mais—(with a shrug of his shoulders,) c'est ma femme, et c'est tout dire!" That this vice should inundate the continent, and, like a torrent which has broken down every bound and fence which prudence and morality had interposed, should sweep away with it duty, propriety, and even safety, is matter of marvel and of regret, but when we see it overflow our own fields, and encroach upon

our own houses and fire-sides, it becomes an affair of affliction and of disgust.

In the higher orders, particularly, we nevertheless see my lord emerging from the Alpha Cottages, or slipping down the King's Road, and we behold his curricule left waiting at some bye corner of a street in the Edgeware or the Kent Road; whilst my lady meets a spark in the Regent's Park, or on the Uxbridge Road side of Kensington Gardens. The married M. P. is later in the house than any other member, and is fonder of fishing than any other ten men; whilst an account of the debate got by heart from the paper, or a few fish bought in Piccadilly, amuse his injured partner. The Duchess too often goes to pass a night at a relation's, or shams sick in order to stay at home and receive a gallant, when his Grace is engaged to a set dinner, and to a party which will encroach far on the morning. Our streets, in fine, are half tenanted by protected ladies, and our public places swarm with illicit lovers.

Just as I was indulging this moral reverie, a remarkably pretty girl passed me: the finest foot and ankle I ever beheld! She stepped, as Juno is described to do by Virgil, and her eye was full of witchcraft. I was seized with a glow of regard and admiration which it is difficult to describe. "I should like vastly to know who she is," said I to myself. "I will (laying stress on the word) find out where she lives," continued I, muttering to my heated fancy. "Follow her home," whispered some diabolone or diavolino,—some great or little devil at my elbow. So off I set, losing ground in my pursuit every step. "Ouff!" cried I, at last, straining a sinew of my ankle. "Thou art an old fool," whispered reason; "and a pretty fellow to preach," remarked conscience; "and a fine judge to condemn others," said some accusing spirit, whom I often find a troublesome companion.

So I turned back, and, recovering myself, ejaculated, "thou art lovely as the morning, fair maiden, but the rose flourishes not near wintry snow; silver locks and crimson cheeks pair ill together! thou art lovely, fair maiden, and may'st thou be as virtuous as fair!" I went home and devoutly wished, for all our sakes, that I had neither seen the straying couple, nor the active nymph who has caused me to be confined three weeks with a sprained ankle, which must plead my excuse with the reader, if, perchance, a lame account of what passed on the occasion is given by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

¹ In spite of what Anacreon says to the contrary about roses and old lilies.

THE DRAMA.

The drama of the week, up to the period necessary for us to prepare for press, has been nearly a blank to the public, and altogether a blank to us, for we have not

seen the only novelty, a drama at the Surrey Theatre, founded on Major Parib's play, *The Abbot of San Martino*, of which we gave an account in a former publication.

The *Green Man* was revived at the Haymarket, on Friday week, and a new performer of the name of Rees, gave us cause to regret the loss of Tokely, even in the insignificant part of *Major Dumplin*. This character was (as we have heard) rendered peculiar by a droll circumstance. On the night when the piece was brought out, Tokely was so drunk, that it was feared he never would get through his task. Get through it, however, he did; and his whimsical contortions to appear sober, not only deceived but amused the clear-sighted audience, who mistook them all for so many comic efforts. The laughter thus excited, was perpetuated by Mr. Tokely, judiciously adopting that style in sobriety, which had afforded so much entertainment in inebriety. The new actor displayed no powers of any kind, humorous, drunken, or grave.

VARIETIES.

DOGS TAUGHT TO SMUGGLE.

(From the 'Journal of a Traveller,' now in the Press.)

In the Netherlands they use dogs of a very large and strong breed for the purposes of draught. They are harnessed like horses, and chiefly employed in drawing little carts with fish, vegetables, eggs, &c. to market. Previously to the year 1795, such dogs were also employed in smuggling; which was the more easy, as they are extremely docile. As it is probable that this mode of smuggling may have been again resorted to since the year 1815, we will give some account of it. The dogs were accustomed to go backwards and forwards between two places on the frontiers, without any person to attend them. A dog of this kind was often worth six or seven louis-d'ors, as the training cost some trouble. Being loaded with little parcels of goods, (lace, &c.) like mules, they set out at midnight, and only when it was perfectly dark. An excellent, quick-scented dog always went some paces before the others, stretched out his nose towards all quarters, and when he scented custom-house officers, &c. turned back, which was the signal for immediate flight. Concealed in ditches, behind bushes, &c. the dogs now waited till all was safe, then proceeded on their journey, and reached at last, beyond the frontier, the dwelling of the receiver of the goods, who was in the secret. But here also, the leading dog only at first showed himself; but on a certain whistle, which was the signal that every thing was right, they all hastened up. They were then unloaded, taken to a convenient stable where there was a good layer of hay, and well fed. There they rested till midnight, and then returned in the same manner back, over the frontiers.

The Edinburgh Courant newspaper

states that the Committee on the proposed Naval Monument to the memory of the late Lord Viscount Melville, have resolved to adopt as a model the celebrated Pillar of Trajan. For a British Statesman we could have wished a British design, great and original as were the powers of Harry Dundas: it is a painful confession of poverty of talent, if we are obliged to adopt the inventions of a less enlightened age, or be the copyists of the copyists of the Place Vendôme.

The Naval Monument to Lord Nelson at Yarmouth is finished, and the Statue of Britannia placed upon its summit. This figure is 13 feet and a half in height, and weighs between four and five tons: the right hand holds a laurel-branch, and the left a trident.

After the abdication of Buonaparte, in 1814, it was observed, at a fashionable party in Paris, that things were to be restored to the state in which they were in 1788. "Oh! I am delighted to hear that," exclaimed a lady, who was no longer in the bloom of youth, "for then I shall be only eighteen years of age."

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER. — It is the custom in Russia to place a corpse on the night before the burial in the church, where the Priest, accompanied by a chorister, is obliged to pray. It once happened in a village, on such an occasion, that to the amazement of the Priest, the corpse suddenly arose, came out of the coffin, and marched up to him. In vain the Priest sprinkled him with a quantity of holy water; he was seized, thrown to the ground and killed. This story was related on the following morning by the terrified chorister, who had crept into a corner and concealed himself. He positively added, that after having perpetrated the crime the dead man laid himself down in the coffin again. He was really found so. Nobody could conceive how this murder could have been committed. At length after the lapse of many years it was discovered. A robber, who among many other crimes confessed this also, had slipped in the dark into the church, put the corpse aside, and taken his place in the coffin. After perpetrating the crime, he had put every thing again in order, and then retreated, without being perceived. The motive of this murder was hatred to the Priest, occasioned by an old quarrel.

MR. OWEN'S VILLAGES, &c.

At a Meeting held this week, the Duke of Kent in the Chair, resolutions were agreed to, the result of which was, that a subscription of £100,000 be raised, for the purpose of trying the experiment of one village, on the plan of that illustrious philanthropist, Mr. Owen, of Lanark. Thus has this great business come precisely, in the end, to that with which it should have begun. Always friendly to Mr. Owen's project, and most thoroughly impressed with the pure benevolence and

noble enthusiasm of that gentleman, it is now some years since we (in conjunction with another friend, whom he did the honour to consult, before approaching the public) advised the very measure now resorted to. We felt that all grand changes must, even if wise and expedient, be gradual; and that the most beneficial theories must at least be demonstrated in practice, before the prejudices of mankind will yield to their admission. The establishment at Lanark was not sufficient for this, and therefore we are glad to hail the probability of the matter being tried on its own basis in England. The subscription fills rapidly, and must, we think, have the good wishes of all good men, as the projector must have the admiration and respect, even of those who differ from him in opinion.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(Analysis of *Journal des Savans* for May, 1819.)

Article I. Karamania, &c. by Captain Beaufort.

This highly important and interesting work is so well known and appreciated in this country, that we may be dispensed with analysing the critique of M. Letronne. He declares that it is the very first work which gives to the learned of Europe an authentic account of the coast of Asia Minor between Rhodes and Issus.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Article III. *Histoire Littéraire d'Italie*, par P. L. Ginguene, Tomes 7, 8, and 9.

A course of Italian literature began at the Athenæum of Paris in 1802, gave rise to this work, the three first volumes of which, divided after the example of Tiraboschi, into the heads of Theology, Jurisprudence, Medicine, Sciences, and Belles Lettres, appeared in 1811, 1812, 1813. Literary history, since the time when Bacon marked its place, which was still vacant, in the table of human knowledge, has been the subject of a great number of books, which differ from each other in the distribution and choice of the materials, as much as in the form and the style.

M. Ginguene in his first three volumes, brought down the literary history of Italy to the end of the 15th century. On beginning the fourth volume, he divided into three parts the picture of the age of Leo X. 1. Poetry. 2. Study of the Sciences, and Ancient Languages. 3. Italian Prose, Philosophy, History, Novels, &c. Two branches of poetry, the Epic and the Dramatic alone, sufficed to fill the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes. It might be expected to find in the seventh, the history of the other kinds of poetry; but the author announces at the beginning of this volume, that he has changed his plan, and thought fit to place several articles of the second and third parts before those of the first, of which he still had to treat. We disapprove of his reasons for this change, and shall, therefore, follow the order which

we should have preferred, and begin with the ninth volume, which treats of Didactic Poetry, Satire, and Lyric Poetry, in which Sonnets are included.

This volume, exclusive of the general table of contents of the whole work with which it is terminated, contains but 430 pages, of which only the first 264 are by M. Ginguene. The poem of the Bees, by Ruccelai, and that of Alamanni on Agriculture (*La Coltivazione*) are the first two with which he makes us acquainted. The second appears to be far too little known, even in France, where the author composed it in banishment, and dedicated 200 fine verses to Francis I.

Among the Italian Satires of the serious class, M. G. distinguishes those of Ariosto, Alamanni, and Ercole Bentivoglio; he neglects nothing that can show their originality; but it appears to us, that excepting some pieces of Ariosto, there is not to be found in any of these Satires (says M. Daunou, the Reviewer) either the energy of Juvenal, the ingenious railery of Horace, or the happy mixture of both these, such as we find in Boileau, and some more modern French satirists. The pre-eminence which the Italians might claim here is not very glorious; they invented the burlesque satire, and have preserved in it a superiority which is neither to be disputed nor envied. Those who have attempted to imitate them in this way of writing, have for ever disgraced it among us, by adding grossness of expression to meanness of ideas; whereas, in Italy, as M. G. has not failed to remark, buffoonery in the thoughts is compatible with harmony of versification, purity of language, and grace of style. This kind of composition, created by Burchiello, in the fifteenth century, was cultivated by many poets of the sixteenth; but M. G. has been obliged to employ much art and care, not to extract from all these Satires, any thing unworthy of the gravity of a literary history, and yet to give a just and complete idea of this species of composition. Here as in the other chapters, there are excellent biographical notices.

The text of M. G. finishes with the first article of the following chapter: this article treats of Cardinal Bembo, considered as a Lyric Poet, and as the head of the school of the Petrarchists. All the rest of the volume is by M. Salfi, a learned Italian.

The title of Lyric Poetry is extended in Italy, to many fugitive pieces, which we are not accustomed to include under that designation; for we, indeed, almost exclusively reserve it for the Ode; they apply it, not only to their *Canzoni*, but also to sonnets and various pieces, which we should call either amatory or elegiac. Under this head, therefore, we here find a very great number of authors, a multitude of productions, and especially of sonnets: in a word, all such poems as are not comprehended under the title of the Epic, Dramatic, Didactic, or Satirical.

In distinguishing the different sects of

Lyric Poets, and the characteristics of their poetry, M. Salfi has not neglected the peculiar forms of their versification. He relates, for instance, how Brocardo and Tolomei, reviving a project conceived by Leo Alberti in the fifteenth century, endeavoured to subject Italian poetry to the laws of Latin versification. Brocardo published rules and examples of this kind of verse, promising to support them on principles of philosophy and music. It was in vain, however, that Italian hexameters, pentameters, &c. were composed, the theory never gained credit, and M. Salfi is persuaded that there is no reason to regret its failure.

The rather long list of these Lyric Poets is terminated at least by a celebrated name: Tasso, if he had not a title to immortal glory, would merit a brilliant reputation by his *Canzoni*, and even by his Sonnets. His Lyric Poems, in the extracts and translations given of them, are highly interesting, and decidedly superior to all those of his contemporaries.

M. Salfi has collected in a particular section, information relative to the Italian poetesses of the sixteenth century. Here the attempts are numerous, but success is rare. Though the subjects of these poems are very different, being both religious and amatory, an obscure and cold mysticism reigns almost equally throughout: the art employed is too apparent to suffer us to see any trace of profound or genuine sensibility. In truth, we should reduce to very small collections, all these lyric productions of the Italian poets of both sexes, if we renounced the forms of expression which have grown trite, such as golden hair, necks of alabaster, sparkling eyes, inflamed hearts, and the stars, and Aurora, and zephyr, all the common places, in short, of exotic Mythology. Those are true poets, who know how to substitute for this verbiage, or, at least, to mix with it, the warm expression of some original sentiment or thought; and this is a merit which cannot be allowed among the Italian poets, to any but Petrarch, Guidiccioni, sometimes to Costanzo, and almost always to Tasso.

The extreme utility of the volume of which we have given an account, consists in pointing out the poems which still remain highly interesting, and in giving an instructive analysis of those, the reading of which would be of no advantage.

OBSERVATIONS ON LUCIEN BUONAPARTE'S NEW POEM.

(From the *Quotidien*, an Ultra-royalist Journal.)

Lucien Buonaparte, alias Prince of Canino, being well assured, at the commencement of July, 1815, that France would prefer the descendants of St. Louis, to those of Nicholas Buonaparte, an attorney of Ajaccio, resolved to return with all possible speed, to the place whence he came. It happened, therefore, that one morning, the gentlemen who had assembled to attend the levee of his Imperial Highness, found that he had decamped. Among the

number, were several persons who had provided him with dinners, clothes, and furniture, during the hundred days he had deigned to reside in the good city of Paris.

Having arrived in his own states, by the help of a secret staircase, His Highness hoped to repose after the fatigues of his campaign. But, alas! his creditors pursued him, as though he had still been merely a shop-keeper of Marseilles. They had the insolence to ask for money: the minister of finance declared, that the Prince had left his strong-box behind him, regarding it as a useless incumbrance. He had not a single son; but he nevertheless possessed an invaluable treasure, and this he was ready to sacrifice to liquidate his debts!... What could this wonderful treasure be? Was it the crown of the principality of Canino?... No, it was a *bijou*, far more valuable than all the crowns in the universe: in short, it was an epic poem, entitled the *Cirneide*. The *Cirneide*, it must be observed, signifies much the same as the *Corsiaide*; for the island which is called *Corsica* by the ignoble vulgar, has in all ages received the name of *Cirnos* from persons of distinction, and particularly from the Princes of Canino.

It was stated in the invoice, that His Highness's poem "sparkled with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds," &c.: this treasure being divided among his greedy creditors, it was evident that they must, in their turn, become his debtors!

Unfortunately, among the Princes' creditors, was a bookseller, who had very good reasons for thinking that His Highness's epic poems were not quite so good as ready money. He still bore in mind a certain *Charlemagne*, which has long since been consigned to oblivion.

Nevertheless, that the means of liquidation offered by the Prince of Canino to his creditors duly convoked, might not be rejected without good cause, the Syndic proceeded to open the said epic poem, which was found to consist of twelve cantos, each canto containing sixty strophes, and each strophe, including ten crossed Alexandrine lines, among which a short line of six syllables was introduced by way of contraband.

At the very commencement of the work the following line occurs:—

"L'aube dorait les monts."

The writing-master to the Prince's children, who now keeps a school of mutual instruction in Paris, has proved that if His Highness had only known how to decline *albus, alba, album*, he would not have said that white is gold colour; moreover, another learned gentleman, who attended the meeting of creditors, observed that a poet named Racine says in his *Athalie*:

"Et du temple déjà l'aube blanchit le faite:"

and not *dore*; which would lead one to suspect that His Highness had forgotten to carry a Racine with him to his principality. Consequently, it was agreed that some of the heirs of the Abbé du Jarry should be sought out, in order to settle amicably the Prince's *aube dorée*, which will make

an admirable pendant to the *pôles brûlans* of the said Abbé.

Alluding to a family of Ajaccio, the princely poet says:—

"Un surnom glorieux attestera son zèle." And by way of explanation, it appears in a note that this glorious surname is *Buona-parte*. The persons present bring all faithful subjects of the King, were not precisely of this opinion.

At length, all voices exclaimed, "Come Syndic, you are very unfortunate in your selection; turn to some better passages. He turned over another leaf, and read:

"Dans l'horrible sérail, que tout, que tout pèrisse." It was then suggested that the *que tout, que tout*, should be sold to a famous translator of Homer, to whom it might be presented as a new discovery from among the papers of the late Rochefort; but the translator had no money at his disposal, and the bargain could not be concluded.

Disheartened by their ill-success, and convinced that there must be a loss of five and twenty per cent. on every canto, the creditors thought it advisable to proceed no farther; and it was unanimously resolved that the quire of scribbled paper called the *Cirneide*, should not be placed to the credit of the Princes' account current, but be entered as so much dead and unprofitable stock.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY, 1819.

Thursday, 22.—Thermometer from 47 to 69.
Barometer from 30.12 to 30.23.
Wind N and NW. 14.—Clear.

Friday, 23.—Thermometer from 43 to 78.
Barometer from 30.30 to 30.34.
Wind NbW. 1.—Generally clear.

Saturday, 24.—Thermometer from 40 to 79.
Barometer from 30.38 to 30.39.
Wind NbE. 1.—Generally clear.

Sunday, 25.—Thermometer from 50 to 76.
Barometer from 30.29 to 30.21.
Wind EbS. 1.—Clear till the evening, when it became rather cloudy.

Monday, 26.—Thermometer from 46 to 78.
Barometer from 30.23 to 30.26.
Wind EbN and EbS. 1.—Generally clear; clouds passing at times.

Tuesday, 27.—Thermometer from 47 to 74.
Barometer from 30.31 to 30.33.
Wind NEbN. 2.—Morning cloudy, and clouds generally passing the rest of the day.

Wednesday, 28.—Thermometer from 53 to 72.
Barometer from 30.33 to 30.29.
Wind NNE. 14.—Morning and noon overcast, the rest of the day generally clear.

On Monday, August 2, at 5 minutes 17 seconds after 2 in the morning, the first satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow; and on the 6th, at 28 minutes 46 seconds after 9 at night, the third satellite will immerse into his shadow; and at 8 minutes 6 seconds after 1 in the morning, the same satellite will emerge from his shadow.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some complaints have reached us of lateness in our Morning's publication, for which we have taken precautions, that there shall be no further grounds. The Literary Gazette will in future be regularly published, at an earlier hour than it has ever been.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

This day was published, handsomely printed in octavo, with four Engravings, price 7s. 6d. sewed, No. 1. of
THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, exhibiting, a View of the Progress of Discovery in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, Practical Mechanics, Geography, Statistics, and the Fine and Useful Arts.—To be continued Quarterly.

CONTENTS.

ASTRONOMY.—M. Biot on the Length of the Pendulum at Unst. Mr. Troughton on the Length of the Pendulum as measured by Mr. Whitehurst and Captain Kater. Mr. Troughton on the Nautical Top.

OPTICS.—Dr. Brewster on a Singular Structure in Apophyllite (with a plate). Mr. Sivright on a new Method of making Single Microscopes. Dr. Brewster and Dr. Gordon on the Human Eye. Dr. Brewster on a remarkable Optical property in Tabasheer.

MCHANICS.—Method of Weighing Anchors on the Coast of Comorand. Mr. Hunter on a Self-acting Pump. (With an Engraving.)

MATHEMATICS.—Professor Wallace on Elimination. Mr. Babbage on Prime Numbers.

CHEMISTRY.—M. Berzelius on Weak Affinities. Mr. Herschel on the Hyposulphurous Acid. Dr. Fyffe on the Waters of the Arctic Sea. Mr. Bald on the Temperature of Coal Mines.

METEOROLOGY.—Mr. Adie on a new Hygrometer. Dr. Livingstone on an improved Hygrometer. Mr. Adie on the Sympiesometer. (With an Engraving.)

MINERALOGY.—Professor Jameson on Granite, Quartz Rock, and Sandstone. Dr. F. Hamilton on the Diamond Mine of Panna. Professor Jameson on the Blacklead Mines of Borrodale, Ayrshire, and Glen Southfarrar; on Secondary Greenstone and Wacke; on Connecting Veins, and on Trap Veins. (With a Plate.)

ZOOLOGY.—Captain Scoresby on the Greenland Whale. Dr. Fleming on the Arctic and Skua Gulls. Mr. Neill on the Beavers of Scotland.

GEOGRAPHY.—Sir Charles Giesecke on the Residences of the Greenlanders. Captain Scoresby on Jan Mayen's Island. Mr. J. B. Fraser's Journey to the Sources of the Junana and Ganges.—Account of the expedition to Baffin's Bay.—Account of an Excursion to Thebes. Mr. Murray on the Niger, &c.

GENERAL SCIENCE.—Account of the Inundation of the Val de Bagnes, with a map of the Valley, and views of the Glacier, &c. Account of the Discoveries respecting the Sphinx, and the Great Pyramid. Dr. Hobbart's account of Gilbert Tate, a boy born deaf and blind, in Shetland.

PROCEEDINGS of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and of the Wernerian Society.

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Plate 28. Plans. Temple of Minerva.—Ear of Diocysius. Position of the distinct Stems of the Great Chestnut Tree on Mount Etna. Theatre at Taormina.—29. Dramatic Theatre and Odeon, Catania.—30. Views. Mount Etna.—31. Il Castagno di Cento Cavalli.—32. Castel Jaci.—33. View Taormina.—34. Theatre, Taormina.—35. Ditto.—36. Cape Alessio.—37. City of Messina.—38. Port of Messina.—39. Straits of Messina.—40. Scylla, Coast of Calabria.—41. Castle of Pizzo, Calabria.

Numbers I, and II, may be had, price 25s. each.
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This Day is Published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. XXVIII. for JULY, 1819.

CONTENTS.

1. On the proposed National Monument at Edinburgh.—2. Bowles's Answer to Campbell.—3. Remarks on Tytler's Life of the Admirable Crichton.—4. Musical Queries.—5. On a new and improved Method of Teaching Latin.—6. On the Introduction of the Oriental Breed of Horses into Europe.—7. Restorations and Illustrations of Seven Hundred Passages in Shakspeare's Plays; by Z. Jackson.—8. Letters of Advice from a Lady of Distinction, to her Friend the Duchess of * * *.—9. Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland, &c.; by Richard Frank, Philanthropus.—10. Mazeppa; a Poem, by Lord Byron.—11. Letter from Mr. Odoherly, enclosing Three Articles.—12. Billy Roulting, a lyrical Ballad.—13. John Gilpin and Mazeppa.—14. Boxiana, or Sketches of Pugilism; by one of the Fancy.—15. Remarks on Mr. Mitford's View of the Constitution of Macedonia, contained in the new volume of his History of Greece.—16. Patagonia.—17. A Discourse on Missions; by John Foster.—18. Sermons preached in the Tron Church, Glasgow; by Thomas Chalmers, D.D.—19. Tales of the Hall; by the Rev. George Crabbe.—20. Literary and Scientific Intelligence.—21. Works preparing for Publication.—22. Monthly List of New Publications.—23. Monthly Register, &c.
 Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, London; and William Blackwood, Edinburgh.

BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Illustration of Lord Byron's Mazeppa.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE for JULY, among many interesting and amusing Articles, will contain a Criticism on, and Copious Extracts from Lord Byron's Mazeppa, illustrated with a highly finished Engraving by J. Heath, A.R.A., and Historical Engraver to His Majesty and the Prince Regent, from a design made expressly for this Magazine.

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TALES OF THE HALL. By the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

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IV. The philosophy of Domestic Economy.—V. On the various species of Mania.—VI. Mr. Buckingham's Travels in Palestine, in 1816.—VII. Thoughts on the Weather, by Professor Bode.—VIII. Remarks on the Life of the late Dr. Wolcot.—IX. A Frenchman's Account of England in the 17th Century.—X. Historical and descriptive account of Christ's Hospital.—XI. Clerical Habits.—XII. Who was Junius?—XIII. On Geology and Mineral Maps.—XIV. Account of a Tiger and Lion Hunt, in Hindostan, by the Marchioness of Hastings.—XV. The Highlander.—XVI. Fashionable Phraseology.—XVII. Gothic Architecture.—XVIII. Nuge Literarie.—XIX. Chinese Cruelty.—XX. Vision of Charles II.—XXI. The Poor Laws.—XXII. The Southwark Bridge.—XXIII. The Comet.—XXIV. Observations on Lord Byron's Don Juan and Mazeppa.—XXV. Tales of My Landlord, Third Series.

XXVI. Mission to Ashtanet.—XXVII. Mr. Carey's Exposition.—XXVIII. The Royal Academy.—XXIX. Varieties, Literary and Philosophical.—XXX. The Universities and Learned Societies of Russia.—XXXI. Italian Literary Journals.—XXXII. Rural Economy.—XXXIII. Original Poetry.—XXXIV. The Drama.—XXXV. New Inventions and Discoveries.—XXXVI. Public Societies.—XXXVII. Digest of Political Events.—XXXVIII. Review of the Late Session of Parliament.—XXXIX. New Arts.—XL. Reports, Literary, Agricultural, Commercial, and Meteorological.—XLI. Domestic and Foreign Occurrences, Obituary, &c.—XLII. Minor Correspondence.

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